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# OMAR KHAYYÂM CLUB OF AMERICA

APRIL 2, 1921.

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For one brief hour we tarry with our loves.
The wheel of birth and death, ay whirling, moves
Round endless paths from primal naught to Brahm's abode.

We joy to give those loves the name of 'brother,'
Of 'friend,' perhaps, of 'father,' or of 'mother.'—
Alas, they 're chance acquaintance met upon the road!

C.R.L.

अनित्ये प्रियसंवासे
संसारे चक्रवर्तिनी।
पथि संगतमेवैतद्
भ्राता माता पिता सखा॥

From the SANSKRIT

---

But—

Foe is friend
And friend is foe,
As their actions
Make them so.

Sir Edwin Arnold

न कश्चित्कस्यचिन्मित्रं न कश्चित्कस्यचिद्रिपुः।
व्यवहारेण मित्राणि जायन्ते रिपवस्तथा॥

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PRESIDENT

Eben Francis Thompson

VICE PRESIDENT

Prof. Charles Rockwell Lanman

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Charles Dana Burrage

# MENU

LOBSTER COCKTAIL

---

CREAM OF FRESH MUSHROOMS

ALMONDS OLIVES RADISHES

---

PLANKED SHAD AND ROE

---

SUPREME OF CHICKEN PERIGEUX

FRESH ASPARAGUS

NEW POTATOES

---

SPRING VEGETABLE SALAD

CHEESE CROQUETTES

TOASTED CRACKERS

---

FRUIT ICES

FANCY CAKE COFFEE

# MEMBERS AND GUESTS PRESENT

(A composite drawing by Albert W. Ellis from photographs of several of the principal members of the Club.)

FROM MENU OF 1918.

# TWENTY YEARS OF THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB OF AMERICA

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BRONZE MEDAL
of the Omar Khayyám Club of America, on the 100th anniversary of the Birth of Edward FitzGerald, March 31, 1909.

# TWENTY YEARS

OF THE

# Omar Khayyám Club

of America

1921

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Privately Printed by the ROSEMARY PRESS

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By the Rosemary Press

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Dedicated to

EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON

founder of The Omar Khayyám Club of America, its Secretary for twenty years and now its President, lawyer, wit, prince of good fellows, Shakespearean scholar, art lover, poet, author, and first translator from the original Persian of the complete quatrains of Omar Khayyám—

"Though creeds some two and seventy there be,
The first of creeds, I hold, is love of thee."

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## FOREWORD

This book of the Omar Khayyám Club is an attempt to give some account of the Club and to gather a few of the contributions of some of its members at Club meetings into one book. The Club is an association of men, mostly professional, who believe in good fellowship and who are interested in the Orient in one way or another and more particularly in that "King of the Wise," the Astronomer, Philosopher and Poet, Omar Khayyám.

All the books and articles illustrated in this volume are owned by members of the Omar Khayyám Club of America and have been exhibited at Club meetings.

The editor ventures to hope that the book will prove of some interest to the members and their friends for whom alone it is intended.

CHARLES DANA BURRAGE.

Boston, Massachusetts, 1920.

## PROEM

### To the Gentle Reader

Reserve your censure; do not criticize
This book; 'twas only meant for friendly eyes.
And if you are an Adept you must know
The difference between the Outward Show
And Inward Essence of all things mundane
Is clear, and knowing it you can explain.
This Life Knot holds inseparably entwined
Both Joy and Sorrow, Good and Bad combined.
And this our nature needs both work and play
Best to fulfill its mission day by day;
And so we seize this hour to take our fling
And for serene old Omar, Wisdom's King,
We twine this chaplet, and the while we raise
To modest Fitz his well won meed of praise.
So, Gentle Reader, do not criticize
These tributes, only meant for friendly eyes.

FROM CLUB MENU OF 1920.
Painting by Fred A. Demmler. (Died in service in France, 1918.)

## LIST OF OFFICERS

President

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, 1900-1917
CHARLES DANA BURRAGE, 1917-1919
EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON, 1919—

Vice-President

ROSS TURNER, 1900 to his death 1915
CHARLES ROCKWELL LANMAN, 1920—

Secretary

EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON, 1900-1920
CHARLES DANA BURRAGE, 1920—

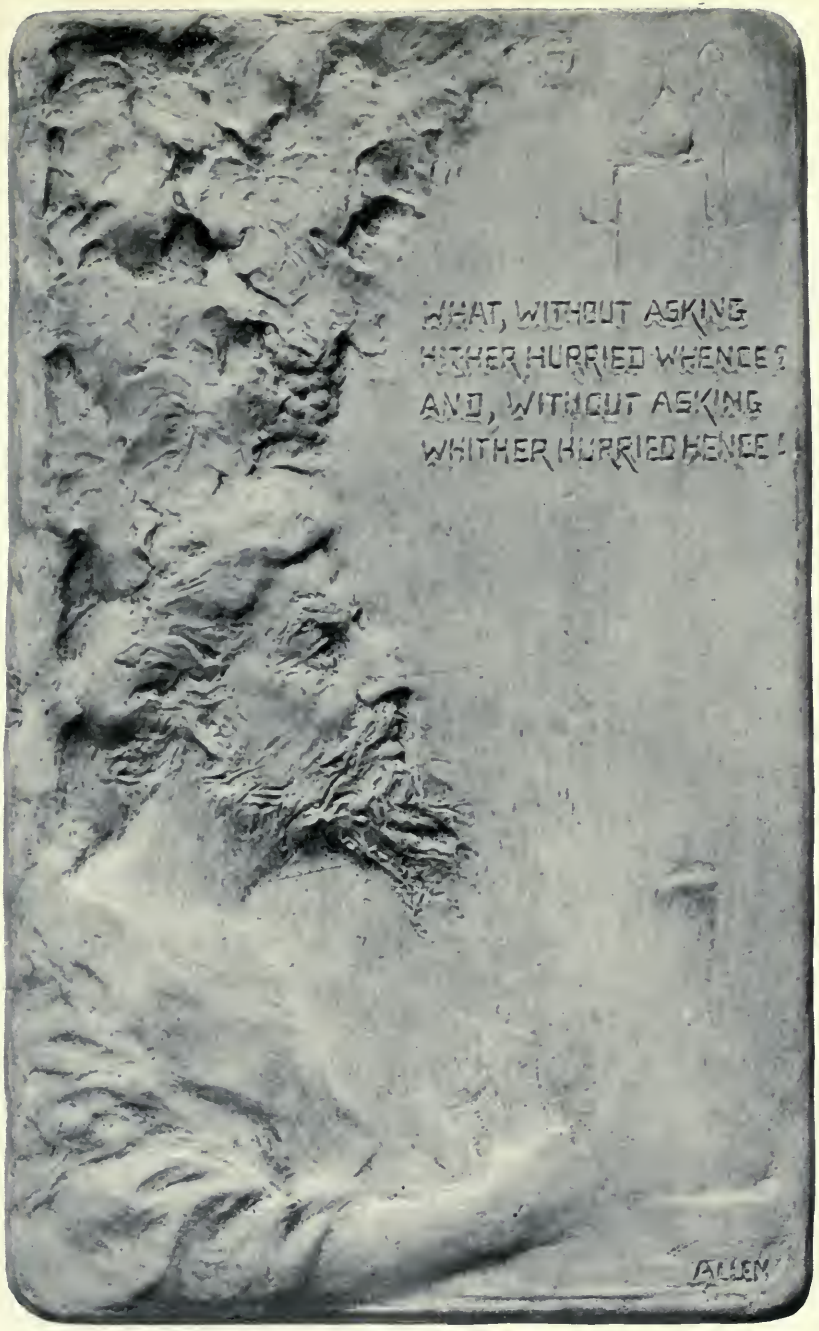
Treasurer

EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON, 1900-1903
CHARLES DANA BURRAGE, 1903—

EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON.
President.

## THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB

The genesis of the Omar Khayyám Club has been attributed to an observation of Sir Richard Burton when dining one evening at Lord Coleridge's, that the meetings of the learned Oriental Societies had too much of pedantry and too little of the social quality. This was in 1887 before the existence of any Omar Khayyám Club either in London or elsewhere. Howbeit this idea was the germ from which the Omar Khayyám Club sprang, the source of the suggestion made by Eben Francis Thompson to Nathan Haskell Dole, that a Club be formed of admirers of the Astronomer-Poet on the basis of good fellowship as well as Oriental learning, with good fellowship as the predominant feature. It seemed odd that Thompson should be the one to make this Persian suggestion to Dole, for more than twenty years before, the latter had been the former's Greek instructor. In the meantime the two friends had turned to Oriental studies in general and




CLAY PLACQUE BY FRED ALLEN.

Omar Khayyám in particular. It was not long after this tiffin talk that the American Club was on its prosperous way with a membership not large but distinctly representative of those interested, in varying degrees and from widely different angles, in the customs, art and literature of the Orient in general and in the works and personality of Omar Khayyám in particular.

The first session of the Club was held at Young's, Boston, on Saturday, March 31, 1900, the ninety-first anniversary of the birth of Edward FitzGerald, among those present besides Dole and Thompson, being Arthur Foote, musician; Arthur Macy, poet; Alfred C. Potter of the Harvard Library, Sylvester Baxter, Ross Turner, Dr. William E. Story, mathematician, and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The Festival of Saint Edward as it has been called, celebrating the anniversaries of FitzGerald's birth, being to a certain extent a fixed feast, all of the choicest Omarian spirits were unable to foregather; nor could a Club with a membership scattered far and wide, bring to its table at any one time all its members. From

the Persian vase in the table's center with its one rose of Kashmir to the various items of the menu from chilo to Shirazi wine and Persian rose leaves the session was decidedly Omarian. It is singular too, that at this meeting the mystic number of Nine persons were present just as at the first dinner of the London Club the same number participated. Dole exhibited the manuscript of the Greek version which had been made by Professor Crawley of Bradfield College, Berkshire, England and also displayed a copy of the first American edition.

Laurence C. Woodworth of Governeur, New York sent an edition of Tennyson's poem to FitzGerald, privately printed by the Brothers of the Book commemorating FitzGerald's ninety-first birthday and issued only to members of the Club on the day of its inception. Story produced a copy of Omar's algebra and others displayed many an Oriental treasure for the delectation of their fellows. Colonel Higginson was delightfully reminiscent and discoursed upon other Omarians past and present, dwelling wistfully on

Rose Garden.

Rubáiyát with Persian Text. Complete Translation of Quatrains of Omar Khayyám.

Translations by Eben Francis Thompson.

"some we loved the loveliest and the best that from his vintage rolling Time has prest, who had drunk their cup a round or two before and one by one, crept silently to rest." Thompson read some brief extracts from the manuscript of his then incomplete complete translation upon which he had then been working for twenty years, and generally every one contributed to the symposium, which made the event one of unmixed delight.

The officers chosen at the first meeting were: President, Nathan Haskell Dole; Vice-President, Ross Turner; Secretary and Treasurer, Eben Francis Thompson, but later Charles Dana Burrage, an enthusiastic Omarian and Oriental scholar and collector, was induced to take the office of Treasurer, which he still holds, thanks to his remarkable efficiency and generous initiative in the matter of caring for the spiritual and physical needs of his fellow members. At this first session the menu was printed in purple and each card had a different quotation from Omar.

At the second session, in 1901, the custom of having guests was inaugurated and one or more guests

have graced the feast since that time. Arthur Macy, an original member who was present at our earlier meetings and who was one of the most companionable of men, soon passed from us and we recall his memorial lines suggested by the death of a friend, entitled

In Remembrance.

"Sit closer, friends, around the board!
Death grants us but a little time.
Now let the cheering cup be poured,
And welcome song and jest and rhyme.
Enjoy the gifts that fortune sends,
Sit closer, friends!

And in that realm is there no joy
Of comrades and the jocund sense?
Can Death so utterly destroy—
For gladness grant no recompense?
And can it be that laughter ends
With absent friends?

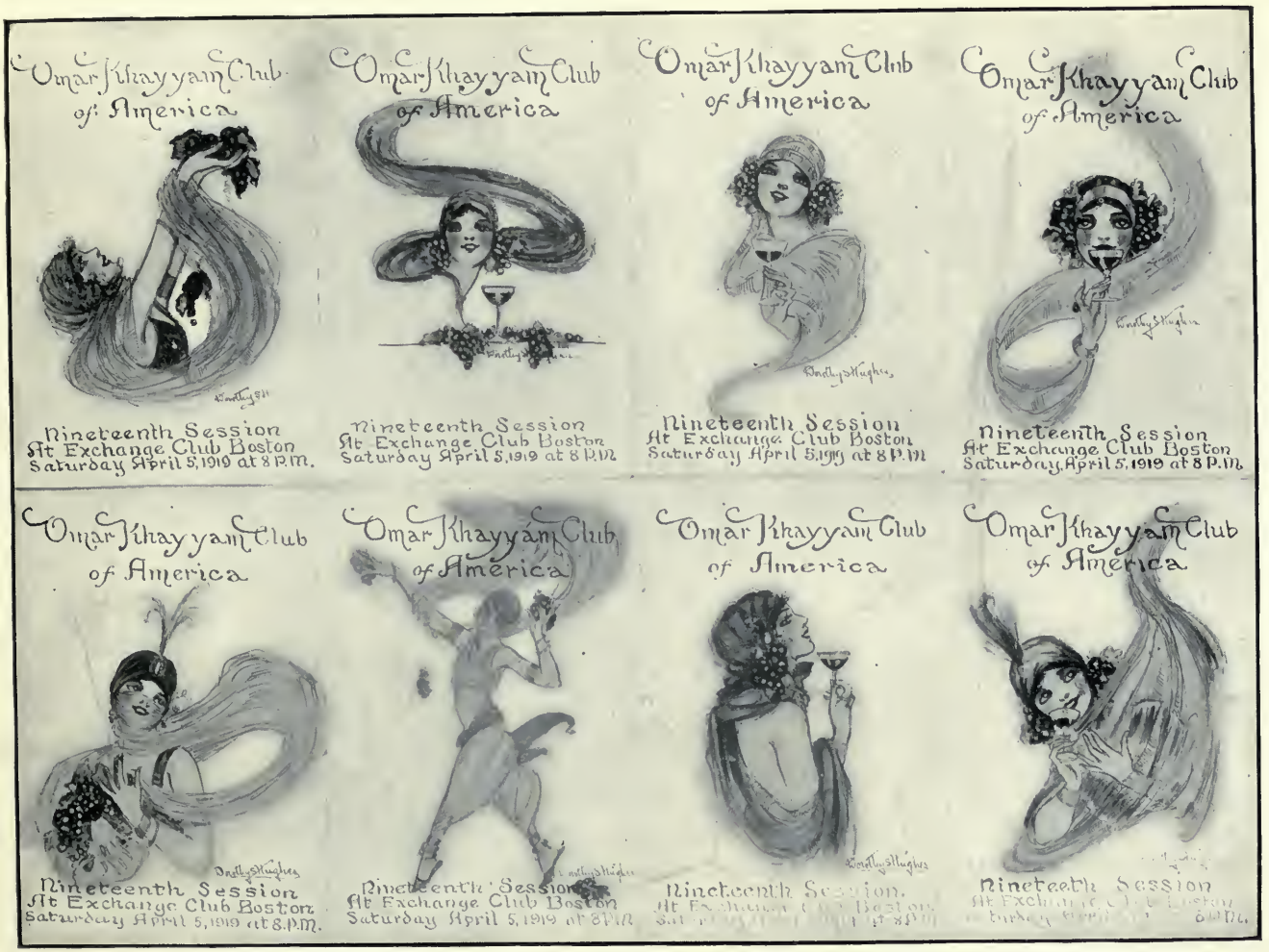
TRANSLATION OF OMAR INTO SPANISH.
By Carlos Muzzio Säenz-Peña
ORIGINAL TRANSLATION OF OMAR.
By George Roe (Four editions)

SPANISH TRANSLATION SECOND EDITION.
By Carlos Muzzio Säenz-Peña
IN THE PATH OF THE PERSIAN.
By Stephen C. Houghton

Dear Omar, should you chance to meet
Our Brother Somewhere in the Gloom,
Pray give to Him a Message sweet,
From Brothers in the Tavern Room.
He will not ask Who 'tis that sends.
For we were friends.

Again a parting sail we see;
Another boat has left the shore.
A kinder soul on board has she
Than ever left the land before.
And as her outward course she bends,
Sit closer, friends!"

It must not be thought that, because we have observed FitzGerald's birthday by a meeting and luncheon on each March 31, or the most convenient Saturday nearest to or following that date, the Club has met on no other occasions. There have been many minor festivals when some visiting Brother has approached Boston from time to time, scattered through the years, as well as meetings in other places.

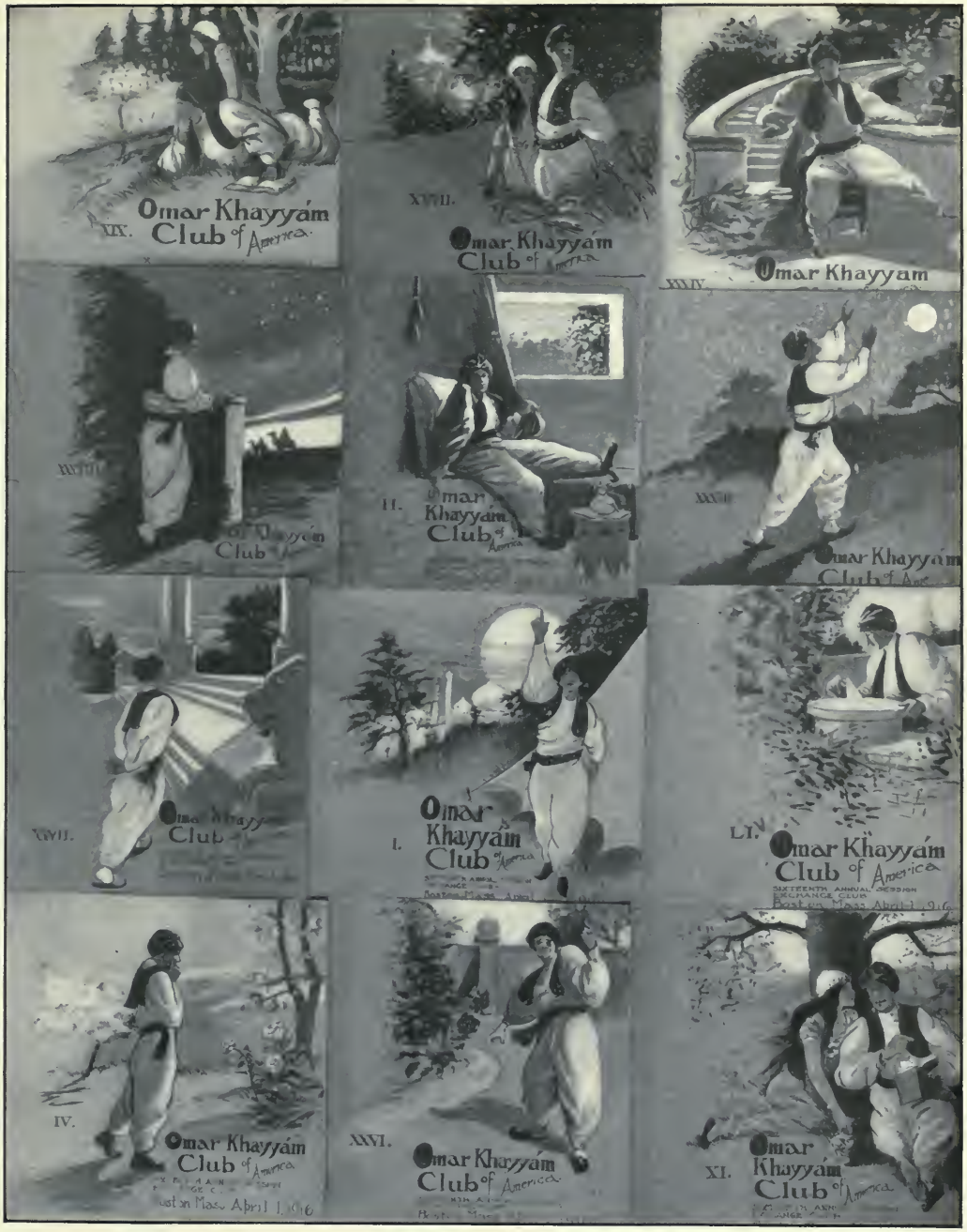



Individual Club Menus, 1919. Designed and painted by Dorothy S. Hughes.

There is a popular idea that Omar was a sot and materialist which is very far from the truth. So there are some excellent people who have harbored the fancy that most Omarians are intemperate in alcoholic beverages. As a matter of fact all the members of the Club are temperate in everything excepting in books and it may be in Bohea or Orange Pekoe, while a considerable proportion of them are wholly abstinent, so that the Prohibition amendment will have no deterrent effect on their meetings.

The members are well represented in the way of bibliography.

Mr. Dole's multivariorum and other editions and poems come first in point of scope; his editions of Greek and Latin versions are exceedingly well done, his de luxe edition of the former being one of the handsomest books ever issued in this country. Mr. Charles Dana Burrage's "Message of Omar Khayyám" is an exceedingly well written consideration of the subject. Mr. George Roe's version is that of a Persian scholar and poet; it paraphrases closely the original Persian and is finely poetical.



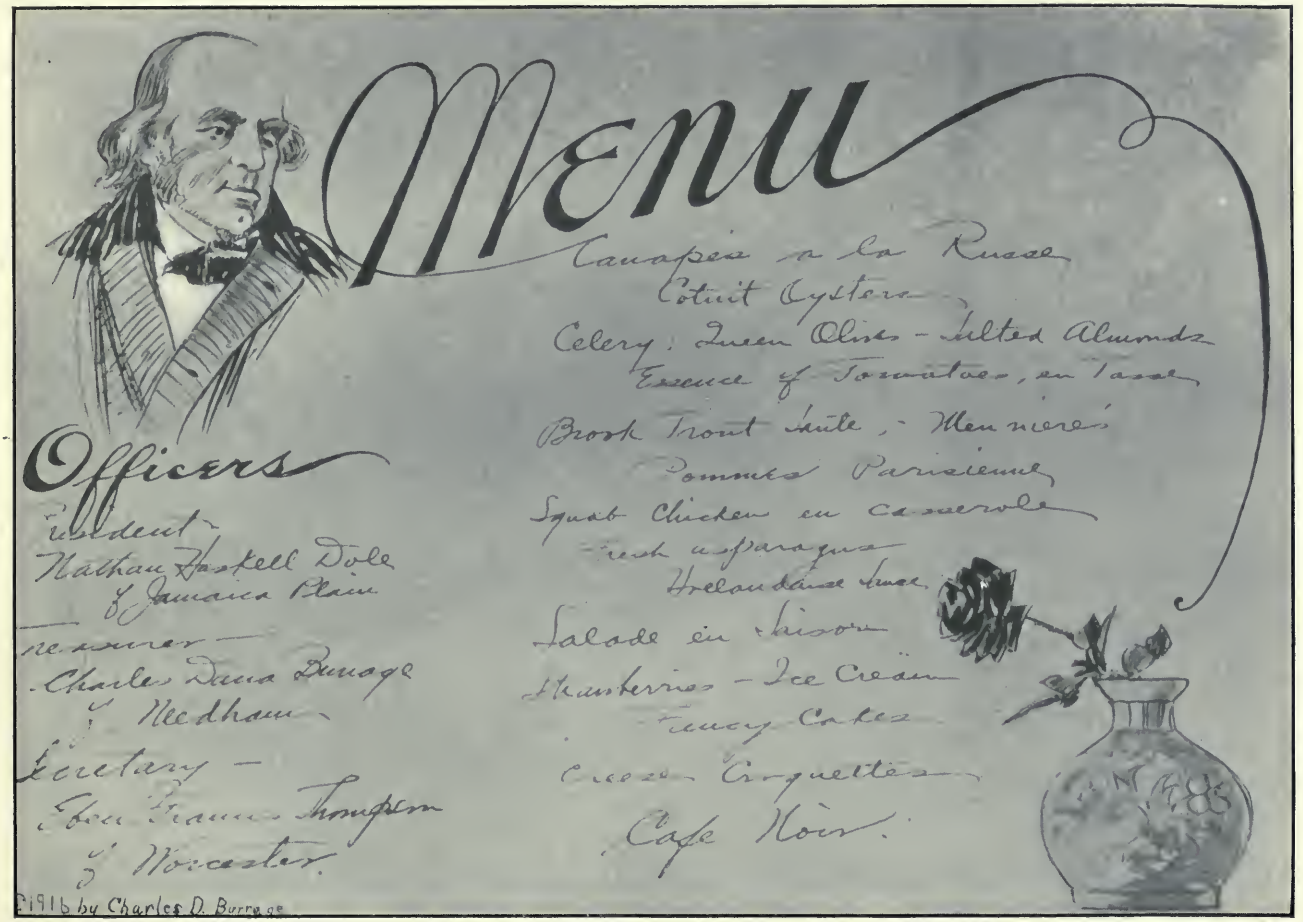

Individual Club Menus, 1916. Designed and presented by Albert W. Ellis.

UNIV OF
ILLINOIS

Mr. Thompson in his complete translation of the quatrains of Omar has apparently covered the field for no new quatrains have been discovered in the fourteen years since it was issued, while his edition of FitzGerald's Rubáiyát has gone farther than any other since it gives the Persian text in both Nastalik and Roman letter with a line for line literal translation.

His "Rose Garden" apparently has demonstrated how far wrong the popular idea of Omar has been. Professor Story, one of our original members, in his essay upon Omar as a Mathematician, issued by the Club in 1919, has produced briefly a masterly and authoritative work upon the subject. Mr. Coes, Mr. Turner, Mr. Burrage and some other members have issued special editions or aided in the publication of books relating to the subject.

One of the club members, Carlos Muzzio Säenz-Peña, living in Buenos Aires, Argentina, came to Boston to study. On his return, in the enthusiasm of his youth, he translated the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám into Spanish. This was the first Spanish transla-




REVERSE SIDE OF THE ELLIS MENUS.

tion of Omar in South America. This has now passed into a large second edition at Madrid. He has also published several other translations from Persian originals.

Another member, Stephen C. Houghton, of San Jose, California, has won high praise for his philosophical poem, "In the Path of the Persian."

Among many things due to the inspiration of the Club was the publication by Charles Hardy Meigs, a member, of the famous miniature Omar, the introduction to which was written by Mr. Dole. This book at the present writing is the smallest ever printed. The edition was limited to fifty-seven copies and today it is much sought, bringing a very large price for so small a book.

In 1909 the Club celebrated the Centenary of Edward FitzGerald's birth as well as the fiftieth year of the FitzGerald princeps by a Festival held at the Algonquin Club on March 31. On this occasion they issued an exact facsimile of the first edition upon Japan paper printed at the University Press and limited

SOME CLUB EDITIONS OF THE RUBÁIYÁT

Rosemary Press

Rosemary Press
Carolon Press

to fifty copies numbered and signed by the Club officers. The Club also issued a bronze medallion portrait of FitzGerald. There was also issued a limited edition of a poem, written about 1840 by Ann G. Storrow, an aunt of Colonel Higginson, describing a ball at Cambridge in 1840, which poem had been read by him at the Club session in 1908. This was issued by the Club as an especial compliment to its best loved and oldest member, Colonel Higginson.

There were present at this Centenary celebration the following members and guests: Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Charles Dana Burrage, Nathan Haskell Dole, Edward P. Hatch, A. V. W. Jackson, William Dana Orcutt, Walter Gilman Page, Dr. Josiah H Brown, William F. Russell, William W. Johnson, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, William Bacon Scofield, Charles F. Libby, T. B. Mosher, Louis N. Wilson, Eben Francis Thompson, A. C. Potter, Arthur E. Childs and W. H. Kenney. The exercises were worthily conducted, the poems and speeches being brilliant and timely. Mr. Burrage exhibited a great variety of

editions the first, second, third and fourth FitzGerald; the famous Quilter edition, the Madras, the miniature, the first American, the Grolier Club, the Ross Turner, manuscript editions of Sangorski and others, original letters of FitzGerald and many other interesting items.

One of our members, Professor A. V. W. Jackson, has made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Omar at Nishapur.

Another, Mr. Thompson, has twice, in 1910 and 1912, placed the wreath of the Omar Khayyám Club on the grave of Edward FitzGerald in Boulge Churchyard.

THE LATE ROSS TURNER.
Vice-President 1900-1915.

## LINCOLN

By William Bacon Scofield

Somehow I think that in the near Beyond
He sits and broods o'er all this human strife
And that new furrows line his kindly face,
Full sad enough from his own weary life,
While the great heart, that throbbed for others' care,
Still thrills in pity for us, even there.

Read at the session of April 5, 1919.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE
President, 1900 - 1917

## TO OMAR KHAYYÁM

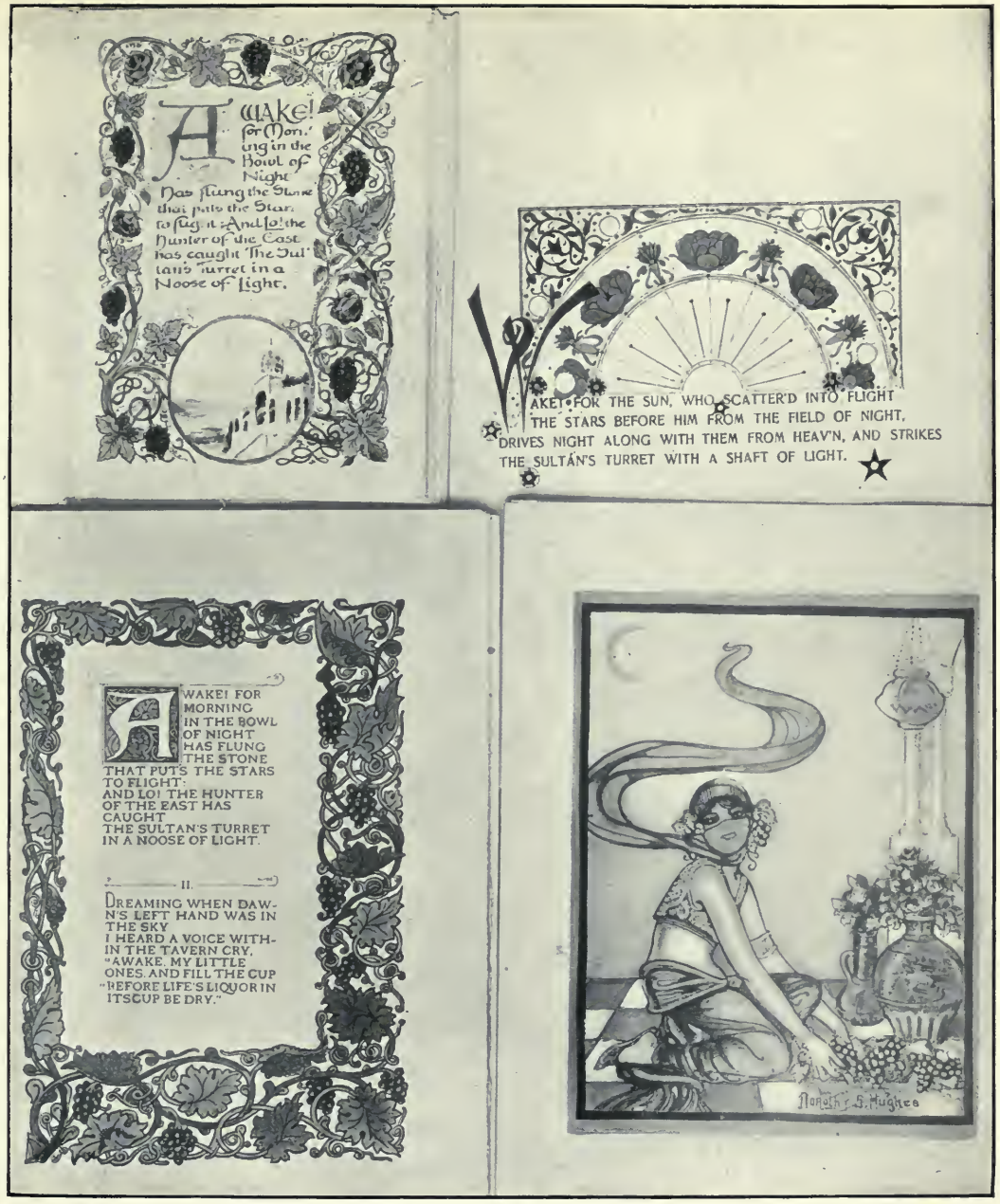
(Written for the Omar Khayyám Club of America
under the Stress of Prohibition)

By Nathan Haskell Dole

The Prophet interdicted ruby Wine—
Which, made by God Himself, must be divine—
  You stood on God's side, Omar, good for you!
And sang the Praise of Persia's fruitful Vine.
Men trample down the purple Grapes, whose Juice
Flows in a fragrant Stream from out the sluice;
  Then God comes down and breathes upon the Vat,
And lo! the red Wine meant for joyous Use.
God's Spirit permeates the ruby Bowl
As in the Body lives the glowing Soul;
  It thrills, it fills, it kills the ghastly Ills
That over hapless Men in Billows roll.
When Gloom or Disappointment settles down
And stormy Skies disturb with horrid Frown,

One brimming Cup will put the Clouds to Flight
And all one's Sorrows in Oblivion drown.
One brimming Cup will make the sad Heart gay,
Will turn the Winter's Cold to warmth of May,
Will change a bitter Foe to faithful Friend,
Will make the recreant Muse the Will obey!
So, Omar, Haunter of the festive Shrine,
And Watcher of the Stars which nightly shine,
What think you of this sober Western World,
That joins Mohammed in forbidding Wine?
Do you look down with Pity in your Eyes
To see the cheering Draught you wont to prize
Made contraband by stern fanatic Laws
Which turn the Truths of God to Devil's Lies!
Good Wine, we know, is promised us in Heaven,
And tho the Loaf of Bread may have no leaven,
We will join you there and share your jocund Fare,
Where'er you are—in Number One or Seven!
Ah well! We 've had full many a joyous Feast,
With you as our high Pattern and High Priest;
With Moderation which we all observe—
We of the West and you, Star of the East.
And though we have to hold an empty Glass,

'T is filled with finest Spirit:—let it pass.
We drink your Health—Imagination reigns—
Down with the Dolts whose Ignorance is crass!
Mayhap our Burrage, with his Skill empirical
Will reperform the Cana-marriage Miracle,
And (by a magic Word) change cold Water
To red red Wine to make our Praises lyrical!
Hail to you, Omar, friendliest of the Sages,
Your Message cheers us, ringing through the Ages:—
Our Eben Francis has translated it
In golden Verses crowning creamy Pages.




ILLUMINATED EDITIONS OF THE RUBÁIYÁT.

1. By Sangorski.
2. By H. H. R. Thompson.
3. By Ross Turner.
4. By Dorothy S. Hughes.

## THE CARDINAL

On his high throne a cardinal sat,
Cogitating on this and on that;
"Omar Khayyám," quoth he,
Has nothing on me
For I have my own Rubyhat.
"Not FitzGerald nor Thompson," he said
"Nor Dole, Whinfield nor Roe are ahead;
As surely as they
I am truly O. K.,
For my Rubyhat is much Red!"

(Burst of ordnance heard without the palace walls.)

ILLUMINATED ON VELLUM BY ALBERTO SANGORSKI.

## OMAR KHAYYÁM

Though in Thy Service Pearls I ne'er shall thread,
Nor cleanse the Dust my countless Sins have spread,
By this one Grace I hope for Mercy still,
Ne'er called I Two the One Great Fountain Head.

Translated from a copy of the first stanza of the Ouseley MS.

I

Friend Omar, thy voice is still singing,
Altho' thou art with us no more,
Thy numbers in melody ringing
Aloud on our Western shore.

II

In the highways of Worcester I hear thee,
And down by the Southern seas,
In the glorious prairies of Texas
Thy music is flung to the breeze.

III

And here in the City of Boston,
Where Freedom her glory hath shed,
Where Knowledge and Wisdom are cherished,
We gather to honor the dead.

IV

And tho' for a while we're divided,
We, too, shall return to the sod
Where all living things are united
To dwell in the bosom of God.

V

Where anger and enmity perish,
Where sorrow forever is o'er,
Where sickness and pain cannot follow
And grief can pursue us no more.

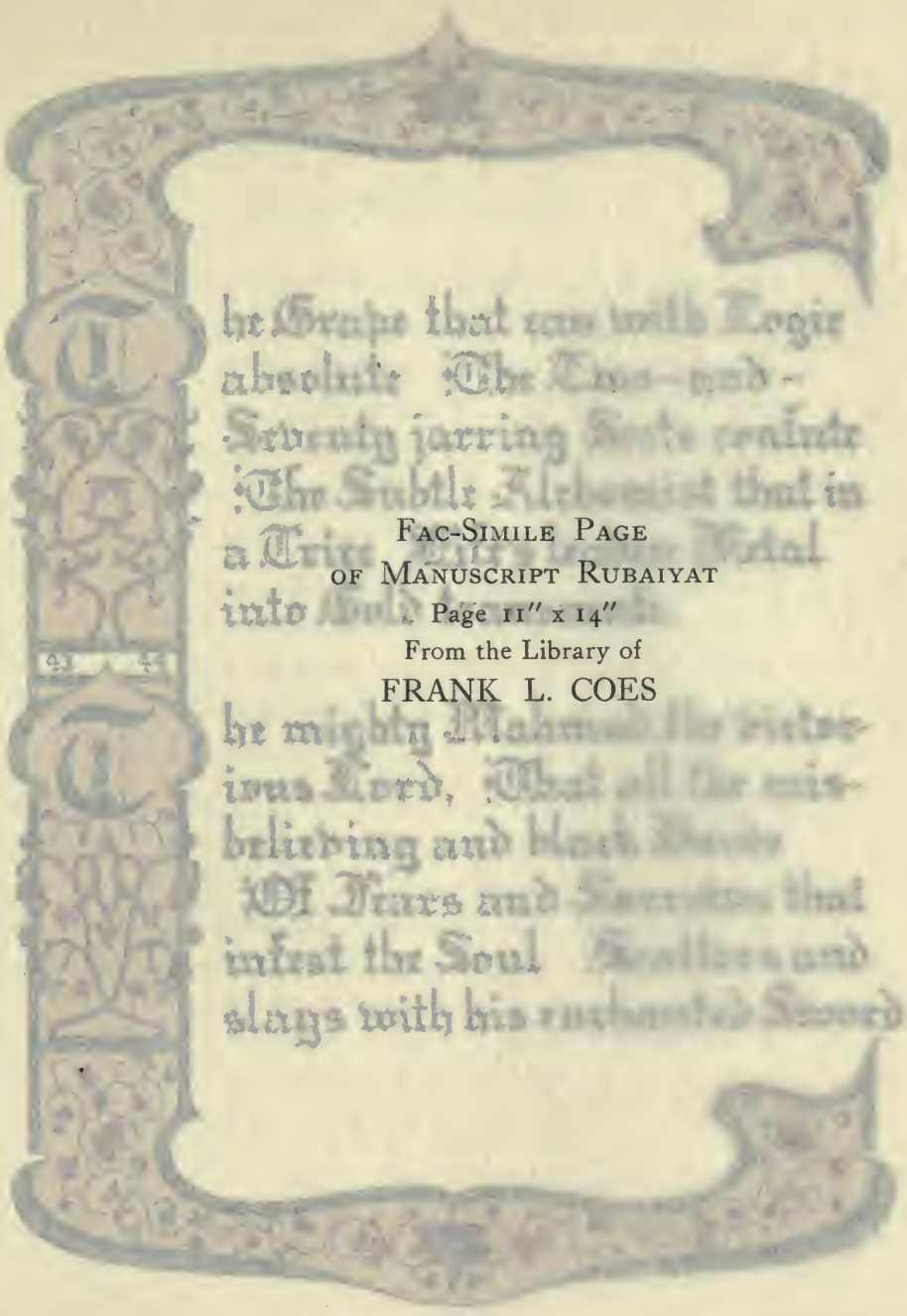
VI

Where Khuda in love doth enfold us
And taketh our souls to his breast,
Where blessed Nirvána doth hold us
At peace in the Kingdom of Rest.

## VII

And there shall our spirits awaken,
When all are absorbed in the Whole,
And the Maya of Self is forgotten
And Union with God is the Goal.

George Roe,
San Antonio, Texas.



FAC-SIMILE PAGE
OF MANUSCRIPT RUBAIYAT
Page 11″ x 14″
From the Library of
FRANK L. COES

*Engrossed and illuminated in waterproof India ink and gold by Isabelle A. Barrett of New York City. 1914.*

FAC-SIMILE PAGE
OF MANUSCRIPT RUBAIYAT
Page 11" x 14"
From the Library of
FRANK L. COES

Engrossed and illuminated in waterproof
India ink and gold by Isabelle A. Barrett
of New York City. 1914.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute
The Subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

The mighty Mahmud, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword

# OMAR THE SYBARITE

By Stephen C. Houghton

Omar Khayyám was undoubtedly eminent as astronomer and mathematician; but were he a Galileo or a Herschel, an Archimedes or a Newton, it goes without saying that his hold on the popular mind today would be restricted. Omar the philosopher gives us nothing new, nothing which had not before his era been thrashed out by the ancient Greeks; and of Omar the poet we of so different speech may only fairly judge by his vogue among his own people, which, it would appear, was not and is not on a par with that of other Persian poets of his age, and others before and after his day.

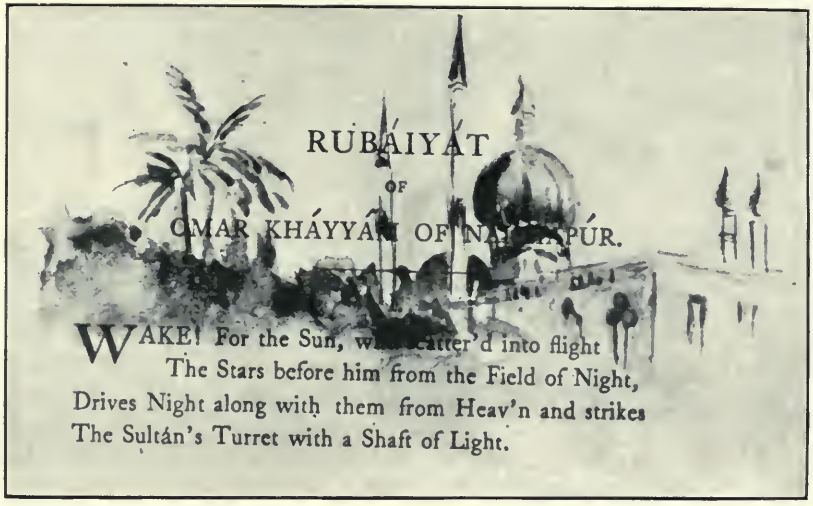
What, then, is the charm of his Rubáiyát, which has taken so firm a hold upon modern minds and hearts, and particularly, chiefly through the notable work of his kindred spirit Edward FitzGerald, so entrances the English-speaking world in our day? To my mind, it

is the exquisite sybaritism which permeates his stanzas, appealing to the general consciousness, since in all elevated and refined natures the sybaritic spirit is existent—nay, dominant. Indeed, the pursuit of pleasure is universal with the human race, the goal of all ambitions and hopes, the end of all effort.

> Pleasure is Lord, omnipotent its sway;
> All men their hearts on its low altar lay.
> Saint, sage, drudge, gleaner, roister, sybarite,
> Each seeks its solace, in his chosen way.

Pleasurable emotion, present or future, is the universal aim, and each of us strives, in his chosen way, to reach the common goal; and since no man can foresee his status in the Beyond, in the days of life remaining to him, or even tomorrow, it is obviously the part of wisdom to make the most of the opportunities of today.

> Life knows no unborn future, no dead past.
> For growth and gain, for work and feast and fast,
> For all the uses of Eternity,
> Today is thine. Employ it as thy last.




ILLUMINATED BY E. F. FAULKNER

The underlying sentiment here has been strikingly expressed by Kalidasa, the greatest of the Sanscrit poets.

Listen to the invocation of the Dawn:
Look to this day. In its brief course
Lie all the realities, all the verities, of life:
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty.
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision.
But this day, well lived,
Makes every yesterday a dream of pleasure,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, then, to this day.
This is the invocation of the Dawn.

Now, what is pleasure, and how is it to be attained? Verily, it is not gross in its nature, and verily, verily, its enjoyment lies not in excesses.

Pleasure is sweet, and sweet its memories.
To drain Joy's chalice to the nauseous lees,
To quaff delights that end in lasting griefs,
These are not pleasures, but debaucheries.

Epicurus, the soundest of all philosophers, who, according to Lucretius,

> in wit surpassed all men as far
> As doth the midday sun the midnight star,,

has more rationally and clearly than any other pointed the way to the attainment of pleasure. Epicurus was so essentially a sybarite that the term Epicurean is an accepted synonym for sybaritic. His philosophy recognized pleasurable emotion as the highest good attainable by man, but held that, while the cravings of natural physical appetites must be given consideration, pleasures of the mind, to be secured by study and contemplation and congenial intercourse, are the summum bonum.

King Solomon, wise in everything excepting a pessimistic mental attitude, undertook a systematic and exhaustive investigation of the problems of life, an investigation which he esteemed to be the highest office of wisdom, as this sore travail hath God given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith. To the unknowable, to questions relating to man's origin,

characteristics, conditions and destiny, he gave but cursory attention.

Whence are we haled to this demesne of woe?
How may the spirit learn to know or grow?
Whither may dumb Death's trackless footsteps tend?
Why are we come, why do we stay, why go?
Whence, how, why, whither: never saint nor sage
By prayer or rare research from age to age
Hath solved one mystery, or gained one clue;
Nor shall the futile quest my hour engage.

Since throughout the ages the appeals of saintly men to Heaven and the investigations of science have failed to secure a glimmer of light on these great mysteries, the sage dismisses the subject in few words.

I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest to them, and that they might see, that they themselves are beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other. Yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who

Some Individual Painted Menus, Worcester, June 5, 1920.
Presented by Henry Harmon Chamberlin.

knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own work; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

With a view, then, of determining what is that good for the sons of men which they should do under Heaven all the days of their life, Solomon inaugurated a course of personal practical experimentation. He gave himself over to jollity, to wine, to carnal delights of every nature. He withheld not his heart from any joy; and to all his experiences he applied the test of wisdom. He drew on the experiences of others so largely that he declared he had seen all the works that are done under the sun. He built up and maintained a magnificent establishment, with all the adjuncts of luxury, splendor, productiveness and usefulness that the imagination could suggest. As a result of all this inquiry and experimentation, the royal pessimist decides that all is vanity—emptiness—and vexation of spirit; and

in his wisdom he reaches the conclusion that there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor; and that this is so ordained of God.

Accepting, as well we may, the judgment of the wise King of Israel, the rational course of procedure open to man lies in the cultivation of the sybaritic spirit, and the devotion of his energies to such labors as shall afford the greatest degree of individual satisfaction. The pleasures of the table are rightly given precedence, not only as supplying the needs of the body, but as also as affording opportunity for needful relaxation from labor, and the direction of the attention to the amenities which contribute so potentially to mental and spiritual as well as physical health and advantage.

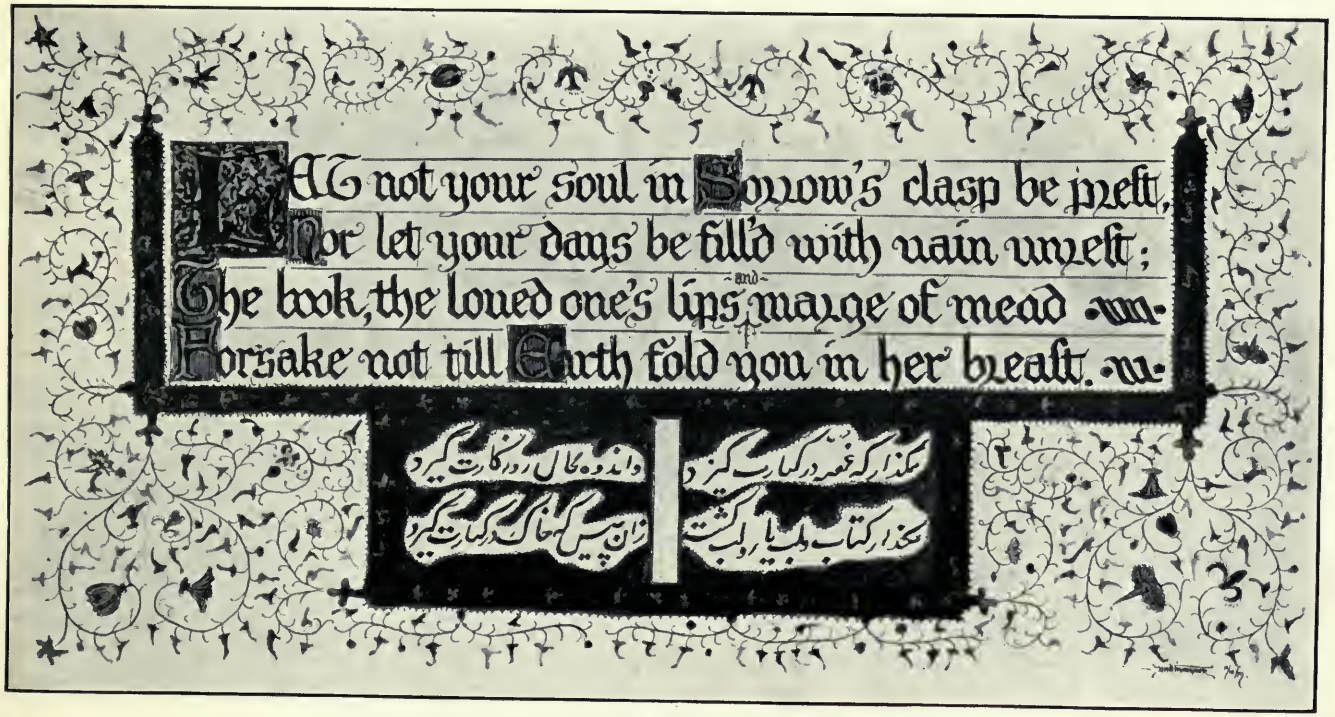
To those who would make the most and best of life, therefore, the family dining room should be a temple dedicated to the guardian angel of domestic joys, an academy for the development of education and character. The household, in cottage or palace, in which

the daily reunion at the dining table is marked with good cheer and decorous cheerfulness, where elders are intelligent and sagacious, and children are encouraged to freely express their views and relate their experiences to sympathetic and tolerant ears, is a college, the educational course of which is followed to the accompaniment of a round of wholesome pleasures, and its graduates, besides cementing bonds of ennobling affection, should have acquired an endowment of right-mindedness, considerateness, good breeding and poise, fitting them for mingling on even terms with the world's best. Whether the repast be simple or elaborate, its viands should be carefully selected and apportioned to the gratification of normal appetites, since the condition of the digestive apparatus is a matter of prime importance; and the direction of the mind into pleasant channels is quite as essential to perfect digestion as wholesome foods. How frugal soever the refection, it should be an occasion of cheerful and intimate intercourse, a sybaritic feast. The sybarite is not necessarily he who feasts elaborately, but he who

feasts well. Whether two or more be seated at the frugal table of an Epicurus or an assemblage be attendant at the royal feast of a Lucullus, it is the commingling of genial and congenial souls which distinguishes the sybaritic character of the entertainment.

The table of the ideal sybarite, Epicurus, was itself ideal, although of exceeding simplicity as to viands, the food consisting chiefly of porridge and barley bread, the drink being water or wine, of which latter a half-pint was considered a sufficiency for each participant; and the conversation was directed to pleasant themes, the immediate and the ultimate purpose here, as throughout the Master's teachings, being the attainment of pleasure of body and mind, with mental pleasures ever uppermost. Excepting Jesus and the Buddah, no teacher has ever exercised so healthful or so potent an influence for right-living as Epicurus the Sybarite, and his doctrines and methods appeal to the instincts of all normal minds.

He who ignores the obvious truths here adverted to, he who lightly esteems the benefits of the possession




FROM "THE ROSE GARDEN OF OMAR KHAYYÁM".
Translated from the Persian by Eben Francis Thompson. Quatrain illuminated by H. H. R. Thompson.

of the sybaritic spirit, is grievously in error, and wanting in a perception of his own highest interests, and of the unquestionable fact that by self-perfection and through his contributions to the happiness of others his own welfare and happiness are best secured; and that only by keeping primarily in view service to others may one make his soul enjoy good in his labor.

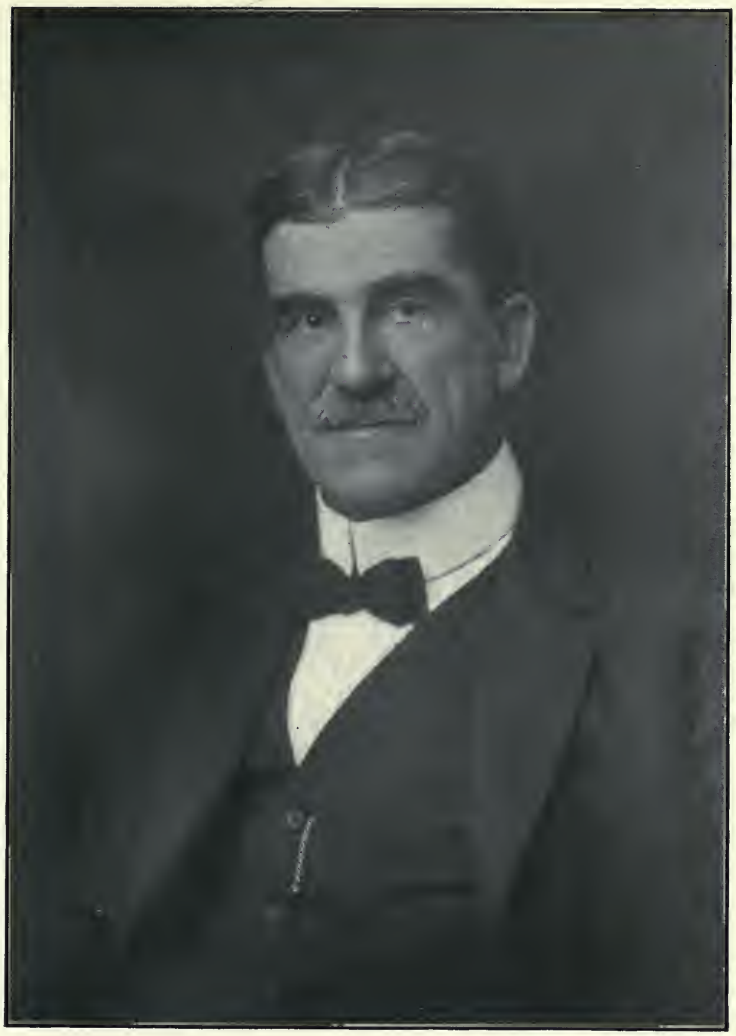
Love thyself first. If thy stern soul applaud
Thy every act and thought, if prize nor rod
  Nor love nor hate thy constant will can swerve,
Thou hast attained the stature of a god.
Serve thyself last. Thy every thought and deed
Fraught with the burden of another's need,
  His weal, his happiness, shall win for thee
A world of wealth, beyond the grasp of greed.

Man's keenest and most satisfying pleasures are derived from his work, from congenial active and progressive labors. But unremitting labor is prejudicial to health and enjoyment, and is not productive of the most effective results. Rest and change are necesary to the highest development of efficiency; and in the daily periods of relaxation nothing so conduces to the preservation of the capacity for work as the pleas-

ures of the table, blest with wholesome foods, wholesome companionship and wholesome intercourse, in which business, as business, has no part.

The present-day vogue of FitzGerald's Omar, then, may justly be attributed to the fact that he has caught and in pleasing fashion brought home to the many the true spirit of Epicurean sybaritism. Nowhere have the beautifully and succinctly expressed sentiments of the grand old Persian permeated more deeply than into the hearts and minds of the select congenial congerie composing the Omar Khayyám Club of America. Nowhere is he more beloved and honored; and we may well and fittingly voice our appreciation of the ancient sage and the greatest of his modern interpreters, with enthusiastic accord.

Blest be thy manes, English FitzGerald, philosopher and poet, who hath infused into the most admirable and the most admired stanzas of the literature of our time the exquisite spirit of Omar! Revered be thy memory, Persian Omar, philosopher, poet, astronomer, mathematician; and all hail to thee, Omar, genial, gentle sybarite!



PROFESSOR CHARLES ROCKWELL LANMAN.
Vice-President.

## SUPPLICATION IN TIME OF WAR

By Henry Harmon Chamberlin

Read at the session of April 3, 1920

We who have loitered in the paths of ease,
  Waken us all, O Lord, to the World's need!
  Even as men, of Thee who took no heed,
On some far isle, begirt with slumbrous seas,
  Long years we dreamed. For this, our sons must bleed,
Because we loitered in the paths of ease.

Fondly we dreamed of Earth's eternal peace.
  To our dull ears, the whisperings of War
  Came like a fierce old legend, faint and far.
We dreamed of wealth and comfort, to release
  Our souls from Fate, and Valor's guiding star;
Because we loitered in the paths of ease.

We dreamed that Time would change and Strife would
    cease,
  And fair, soft words beguile a tyrant's hate.

Thy thunderbolt awoke us, not too late
To fight for Freedom and Thy Word. For these
Our sires had fought and made our nation great;
But we have loitered in the paths of ease.

Kindle our souls, that zeal for Thee increase,
So, that, in words of flame, our souls may see
Thy truth and we may win Thy victory!
Oh! make us worthier of a nobler peace,
Whereby our children, brave and wise and free,
No more shall loiter in the paths of ease.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

## AN INTERESTING LETTER

One day in the year 1845 Edward FitzGerald was visiting in Woodbridge, his lifelong friend, Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, whose daughter Lucy some eleven years later, seven years after the death of Barton became FitzGerald's wife. The two friends learned that another common and intimate friend, Rev. George Crabbe (1785-1857) of Bredfield (two miles from Woodbridge) had been in town on business, and in a spirit of mischief agreed to call him to account for not calling on them, by sending him a letter, of which a photogravure fac-simile accompanies this. It may be recalled that FitzGerald edited and published in his later years Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall" and "Readings in Crabbe" written by the recipient's father, Rev. George Crabbe (1754-1832) a famous poet, loved by both Barton and FitzGerald, with a love that embraced also the grandson, Rev. George Crabbe (1819-1884). This grandson was

one of the executors of FitzGerald, and it was in his house that FitzGerald died in 1883. The whimsical character of Barton's indictment is well worthy of notice, but when to this is added the quaint protest of FitzGerald, containing seven of his signatures on a single sheet, the epistle becomes practically unique in literature.

The letter—Barton to Crabbe

Woodbridge, October 2, 1845.

My dear friend:

Now was I not quite right in setting thee down for a very proud man? Thy resolute and dignified silence confirms it—it is in fact allowing judgment to go by default. In my former charge against thee on this score I preferred an indictment on only one count—I must now add another. One of my fellow townsmen said to me the other day, "I suppose Mr. Crabbe often calls on you, as I not infrequently see him in Woodbridge?" I knew I had received no such calls but did not choose to tell my neighbor so, lest he should think I had lost caste with the clergy and gentry around—so I replied in a sort of worried confusion "Of course, of course!"—but my heart rather smote me for the response, as being unquakerly for by my faith it smack'd more of vanity than of veracity. I don't tell another such a fib, even to save thy character for courtesy, or mine for respectability. But Quaker as I am I do not wish to be set down by my neighbors as cut off from all benefit of clergy, so the temptation to a slight deviation from truth was irresistable.

Well, now thou art indicted on two separate & several counts of being chargeable with pride—and, making no attempt at disguise or denial, I must conclude the accusation is admitted as true! the penance I adjudge is a Note from thee every day or two, and a call once a week—if this be not promptly performed I shall have to serve thee down for a dinner, so pray come down handsomely without tap of time—for the longer some sort of "amende honorable" is delayed the heavier will be its infliction. After all I am not sure thou hast not as good a right to be a Proud Man, as any one on the list of my acquaintance—Art thou not thy Father's Son? and is not that something to be proud of? Thou seest I am willing to make all reasonable allowances—and even invent the best possible excuse I can for this sin which so easily besets us all. We all of us have, in turn, a touch of that same. Let him that is utterly void of this sin, cast the first stone—it will not be cast by me, I can promise thee—for I honestly plead guilty to the charge—I am very proud of my Portrait of Evelyn! not the less so for thy railing at it; perhaps all the prouder, because I pity thee for not having a better taste, and when a Man can think of a valued & respected Friend with pity, pride grows upon him, apace—then have I not just printed

a Book & dedicated it to the Queen, and has not her Majesty, as I am told, graciously accepted the same—May I not be a little proud on that score—and has not my Marquis just sent me a Note lauding said Book, and especially the Verses on Crabbe's Cottage, therein? Go to! if thou wilt, be a proud Man—I will try if I can't too—and we will have a regular contest to see which of the twain can be the proudest.

Thine with proud humility,

B. B.

Mr. E. FitzGerald presents his Compt's to Mr. Crabbe, & begs to inform him that he, (Mr. Edward Fitz-Gerald) is now at Woodbridge, & will be glad to know when he (Mr. Crabbe) can answer to the charge brought by Mr. Barton against him (Mr. Crabbe.) He (Mr. FitzGerald) thinks that he (Mr. Crabbe) is quite amenable to the charge so stated by him (Mr. Barton). He (Mr. FitzGerald) now writes in his (Mr. Barton's) house, where he (Mr. Fitz-Gerald) proposes to spend the night; a thing which he (Mr. FitzGerald) never did in his (Mr. Crabbe's) house, & he (Mr. FitzGerald) does not know if he (Mr. Ditto) ever shall.

Woodbridge 10/2/45

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BB

cap. 1

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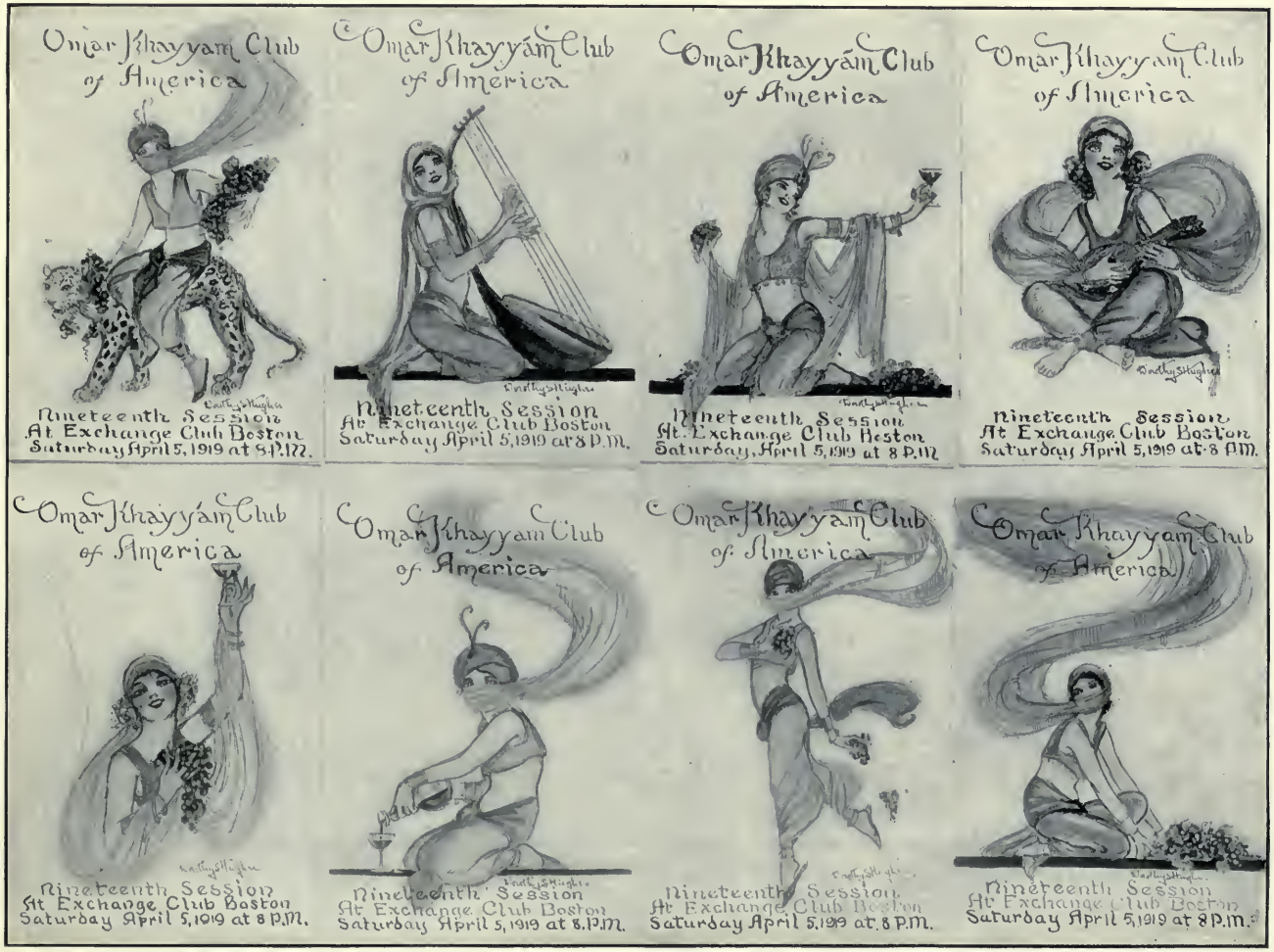
SOME CLUB MENUS.

# THE PRICE

By Henry Harmon Chamberlin

Read at the session of March 31, 1917

Not only mourn the brave who died at morn,
Who struck their blow and perished in their pride,
But mourn those other lives who also died,
Vain hopes of generations yet unborn.
Nor mourn the stricken children bayonet torn,
Shell driven o'er the blazing countryside;
But mourn Man's twilight and his eventide,
And Brotherhood betrayed, and Faith forsworn.
Yea, chiefly mourn the most heartrending cost.
Two thousand years' slow progress spent and lost,
This goodly oak cut down as by a sword.
Brother of Death, Sin's crowned and armèd birth,
How long shall this new Anarch reign on earth,
Unsmitten of Thy thunderbolt, O Lord?




Individual Club Menus, 1919. Designed and painted by Dorothy S. Hughes.

## HOW FORTUNATE

(Now that we have Prohibition)

"Are you fond of Khayyám?" "If you please
Sauterne with me better agrees."
"You astonish me so," said the host, "Don't you know
That Khayyám's not a wine? It's a CHEESE!"

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

DR. WILLIAM EDWARD STORY.

# OMAR AS A MATHEMATICIAN

By Dr. William Edward Story,
Professor of Mathematics at Clark University,
Worcester, Mass.

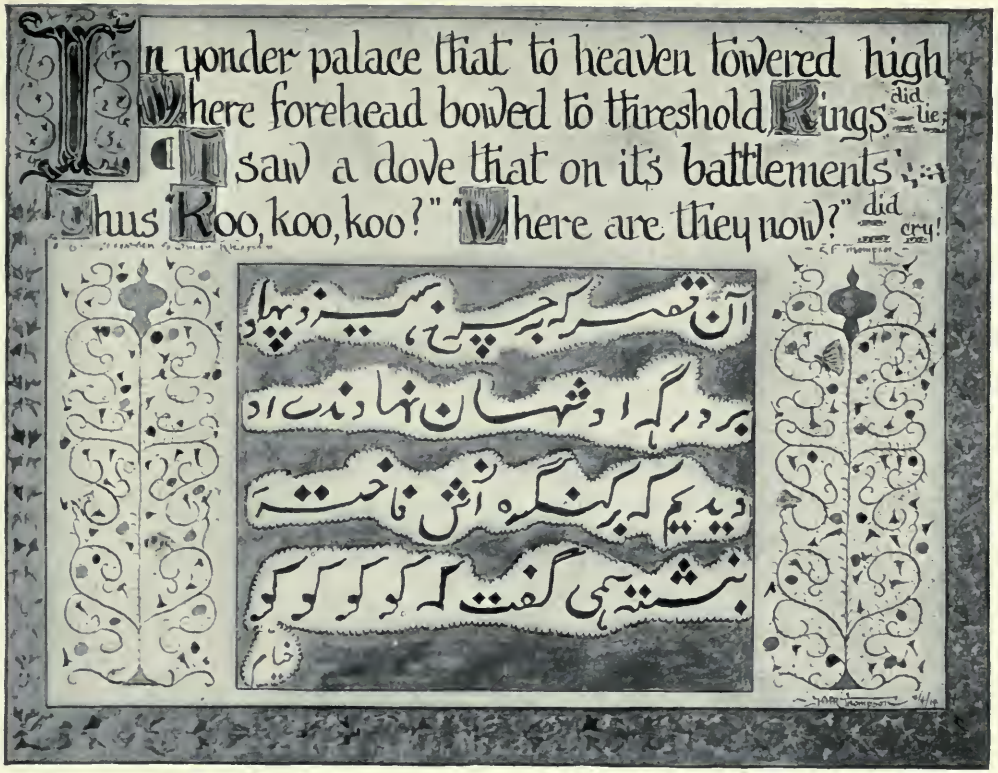
Read at the session of April 6, 1918.

It seems to be commonly assumed that Omar was by profession an astronomer and that with him pure mathematics was only a side issue. But it should be observed that all the earlier philosophers were, as the name "philosopher" implies, lovers of learning of all kinds; such a lover of learning Omar, indeed, seems to have been. The true philosopher takes the greatest pleasure in those forms of intellectual activity,—within the field in which his natural talents and education fit him to work, of course,—that present the greatest difficulties. But the numbers of those to whom the results of these activities are intelligible are, in general, inversely proportional to the difficulties of obtaining them. Thus it comes about that many of the

old philosophers are best known by those of their works in which they themselves did not take the greatest interest. Thales, the first of the Greek philosophers, the first of the "seven wise men" of Greece, was also the first Greek mathematician. Aristotle was a physicist, but he was also the first to enunciate the principle of continuity by the introduction of the idea of an "infinitesimal," which idea was developed by Cavalieri, Kepler, and others, and led, finally, in the hands of Leibnitz and Newton, to the invention of the infinitesimal calculus. Plato was a zealous promoter of mathematics among the Greeks. Archimedes, although a physicist, was called by his immediate successors the "great mathematician." Kepler was a mathematician as well as an astronomer. Finally, Descartes, Leibnitz and Newton were pre-eminently mathematicians; in fact, from a certain point of view, I should be inclined to consider Descartes the greatest mathematician that ever lived.

I have said nothing of those who are known only as mathematicians and, I may almost say, are known

only to mathematicians. My object has been to lay the foundation for my opinion that Omar was probably above all a pure mathematician. The distinction that is commonly made between pure and applied mathematics is somewhat inconsistent. Applied mathematics is not a branch of learning. It is mathematics as applied to practical purposes. The only conceivable reason for distinguishing it from so-called pure mathematics is that the concepts to which the application is made are more or less necessarily associated with other concepts to which mathematics is not applicable. There is but one mathematics, namely, pure mathematics, which, however, has many forms. Most forms or branches of mathematics have practical applications. Gauss, called by his contempories "princeps mathematicorum," himself an astronomer by profession, praised the theory of numbers as having one great advantage over all other branches of mathematics in that it had no conceivable application to practical purposes.

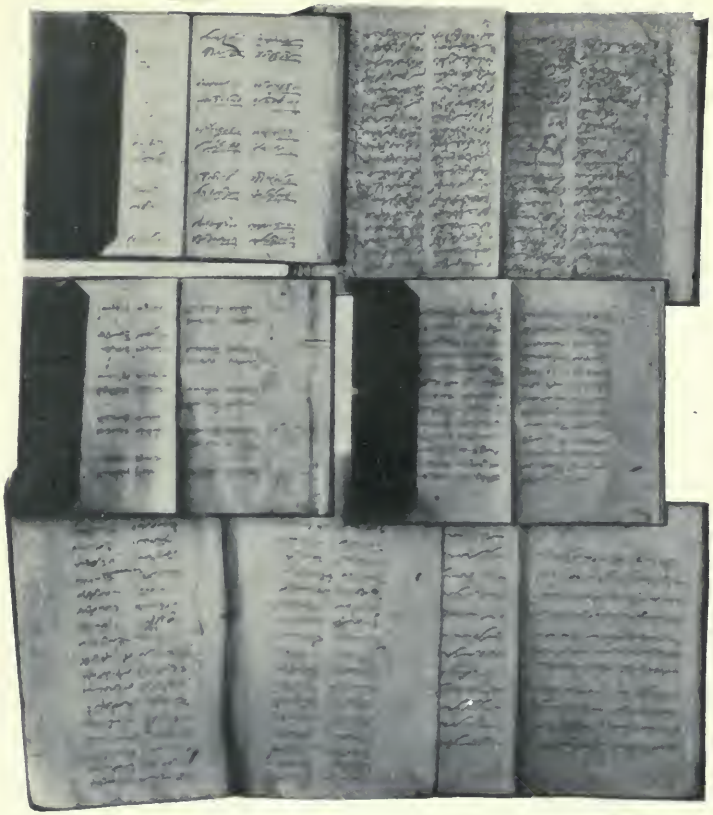



QUATRAIN FROM "THE ROSE GARDEN OF OMAR KHAYYÁM."
Translated from the Persian by Eben Francis Thompson. Illuminated by H. H. R. Thompson.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

The only mathematical work of Omar with which we are acquainted is his "algebra." Algebra is the "soul" of modern mathematics; in its original form it is that branch of mathematics that deals with unknown numbers. The name algebra is derived from "al gibr w'al mukhabala" the title of every Saracen work on the subject since the time of Abu Jafar Muhammed ibn Musa al Khwarizmi (circa A.D. 825), who was long supposed to have invented the subject. But we now know that Al Khwarizmi's work is simply a translation of the "Greek" of Diophantos of Alexandria (circa A.D. 275). Omar was one of a long series of Saracen algebraists who followed more or less closely in the track of Diophantos and Al Kwarizmi. Woepcke, in his French translation of Omar's algebra, finds in it traces of the influence of Diophantos, but, he says, "these are found also in Muhammed ibn Mousa, and there exists no historical datum that proves that at the time of this algebraist Diophantos was known to the Arabs." But we know better now.

In algebra as the science of unknown numbers, it is necessary to have some method of designating the unknown in any particular question, as well as its positive and negative powers. Diophantos used symbols to represent these, but his symbols are simply abbreviations of the names by which he called the corresponding numbers and in the text stand for these names rather than for the numbers. The Saracen mathematicians, including Omar, adopted translations of Diophantos's names and got along without symbols. Thus Omar gives a certain equation as "a cube and squares are equal to roots and a number," i.e. $x^3 + ax^2 = bx + c$. He calls the successive positive powers of the unknown "root" or "side," "square," "cube," "square-square," "square-cube," "cube-cube," etc. and the successive negative powers (reciprocals of the positive powers) "part of root," "part of square," etc., as Diophantos did. But all Omar's demonstrations are given in geometrical form, which was the standard form among the Greeks; in fact, the very names we have mentioned are borrowed from geometry. More-



SOME PERSIAN MANUSCRIPTS.
The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

over, Omar solves his equations by means of the intersections of conic sections; that is, he solves a typical form of the equation under consideration in this way and then modifies the solution to suit the particular equation. He is very systematic throughout, prefacing each section by such lemmas as he will have to use.

Omar's greatest original contribution to algebra is the complete classification of the cubic equation, a classification that he recognizes as applicable to equations of every degree. He believed that cubic equations could not be solved by calculation, but that one must be satisfied with the construction of solutions by intersecting conics. In the discussion of the several classes he sometimes overlooks particular cases. Thus, he fails to see that an equation of the form $x^3 + bx = ax^2 + c$ may have three positive real roots. Again, he lost many roots by using only one branch of an hyperbola in his construction. And he was not very exact in the investigation of the numerical values that the several coefficients must have in order that the equation of one or other type should give real inter-

sections of the conics. He considered biquadratic equations to be unsolvable by geometric constructions.

But these faults are of little consequence in comparison with the remarkably great advance Omar made in algebra by treating equations of degree higher than the second, and by having classified them. He was the only mathematician of any nation before 1,100 who distinguished trinomial cubic equations from tetranomial, forming two groups of the former according as the term of the 2nd or 1st degree was wanting, and two groups of the latter according as the sum of 3 terms was equal to one term or the sum of 2 terms equal to the sum of two others.

Apparently, also, he considered the binomial theorem for positive integral exponents. He says: "I have taught how to find the sides of the square-square, of the square-cube, of the cube-cube, etc. to any extent, which no one had previously done." This theorem he used, apparently, for the purpose of extracting roots after the manner of the Hindus. Omar incidentally solved the geometrical problem; to construct an equi-

FitzGerald's Cottage at Boulge. (From an original water color by Edward FitzGerald.)

Rose leaves from the grave of Omar Khayyám.
Brought from Persia by Prof. A. V. W. Jackson.

lateral trapezoid whose base and sides are of the same given length and whose area is given,—a problem that he reduced to the solution of the equation $x^4 + bx = ax^3 + c$.

In the year 1079 Omar corrected the calendar. He grouped the years in cycles of 33 years each, giving each common year 365 days and making every fourth year a leap-year of 366 days throughout each cycle; that is, each cycle of 33 years contained 8 leap-years and there was an interval of 5 years from the beginning of the last leap-year of any cycle to the beginning of the first leap-year of the next cycle. This makes the average length of Omar's solar year $365^d\ 5^h\ 49^m\ 5^s.45$, which is less by 6.55 seconds than the average length of the Gregorian year. According to the best modern calculations, the Gregorian average year is too long by 25.557 seconds and Omar's average year is too long by only 19.007 seconds. That is, one leap-year ought to be omitted from Omar's calendar every 4545 years, whereas the Gregorian calendar ought to omit one leap-year every 3381 years. This means that

Omar's calendar was one-third more accurate than the calendar we use today. However, all people that use the solar year would probably find it more convenient to omit three leap-years out of 400 years than to group the years in cycles of 33.

All things considered, I am inclined to think that Omar Khayyám was the most original and, therefore, the greatest of the Saracen mathematicians.

ROSEMARY PRESS MINIATURE EDITIONS OF THE RUBAIYÁT.

At top: Club edition in red morocco with jewel (lapis lazuli).

Left middle: Club edition in white vellum.

Left bottom: "American Oriental Society" edition. (Dedicated to Prof. Charles R. Lanman of Harvard and Prof. A. V. W. Jackson of Columbia); with jewel (jade).

Right middle: "Class of '78" University of California edition; with jewel (garnet).

Right bottom: "University of California Club of New England" edition. Blue and gold.

## ON A PIECE OF VELLUM

Only a square bit of vellum, a dressed skin of a goat that over a hundred years ago may have looked down from the heights over the Vale of Kashmir, that exquisitely beautiful summer retreat of Akbar the Great, greatest ruler, wisest statesman, bravest soldier of all the Mogul Emperors of India. Only a bit of finished vellum, illuminated with scrolls and borders surrounding a message in delicate Script, yet but for this bit of skin and the century-old writing on it, in all probability Edward FitzGerald would never have known of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, would never have translated them into a masterpiece of English; Elihu Vedder would never have drawn his marvelous illustrations, a masterpiece of design; John Hay would never have given the world a masterpiece of English prose in his address before the Omar Khayyám Club of London, nor would the world have yet known aught of Omar or of the countless translations into other lan-

guages and their delightful illustrations by so many famous artists that it now possesses.

For this vellum manuscript contains the Commission given in 1810 by King George III to Sir Gore Ouseley as Ambassador to Persia. It was through Sir Gore's scholarly research and generosity that knowledge of Omar reached the English World. Sir Gore was an accomplished Persian scholar, and his brother, William, wrote several books describing their travels and researches in Persia. Sir Gore collected a large number of Persian manuscripts, particularly of ancient Persian poetry, many of the rolls being illuminated by Persian artists. This unique and most valuable collection was presented by Sir Gore on his return to England to his alma mater, Oxford, and became a part of the Bodleian Library. In 1846 he published a book of Persian Poetry containing a translation of six quatrains of Omar. Here years after, Prof. Edward Byles Cowell, rummaging among the fascinating rolls of the Ouseley Collection, was attracted by the unusual splendor of the illumination on a manuscript, leading

him to wonder what author had been so highly valued. This contained the Rubáiyát of Omar. He translated some of the quatrains and, struck by their unusual merit, called FitzGerald's attention to them. Cowell himself soon went to Calcutta where he ran across a somewhat different manuscript of Omar which he reviewed in the Calcutta Review of March, 1858. FitzGerald published his first edition of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám in 1859.

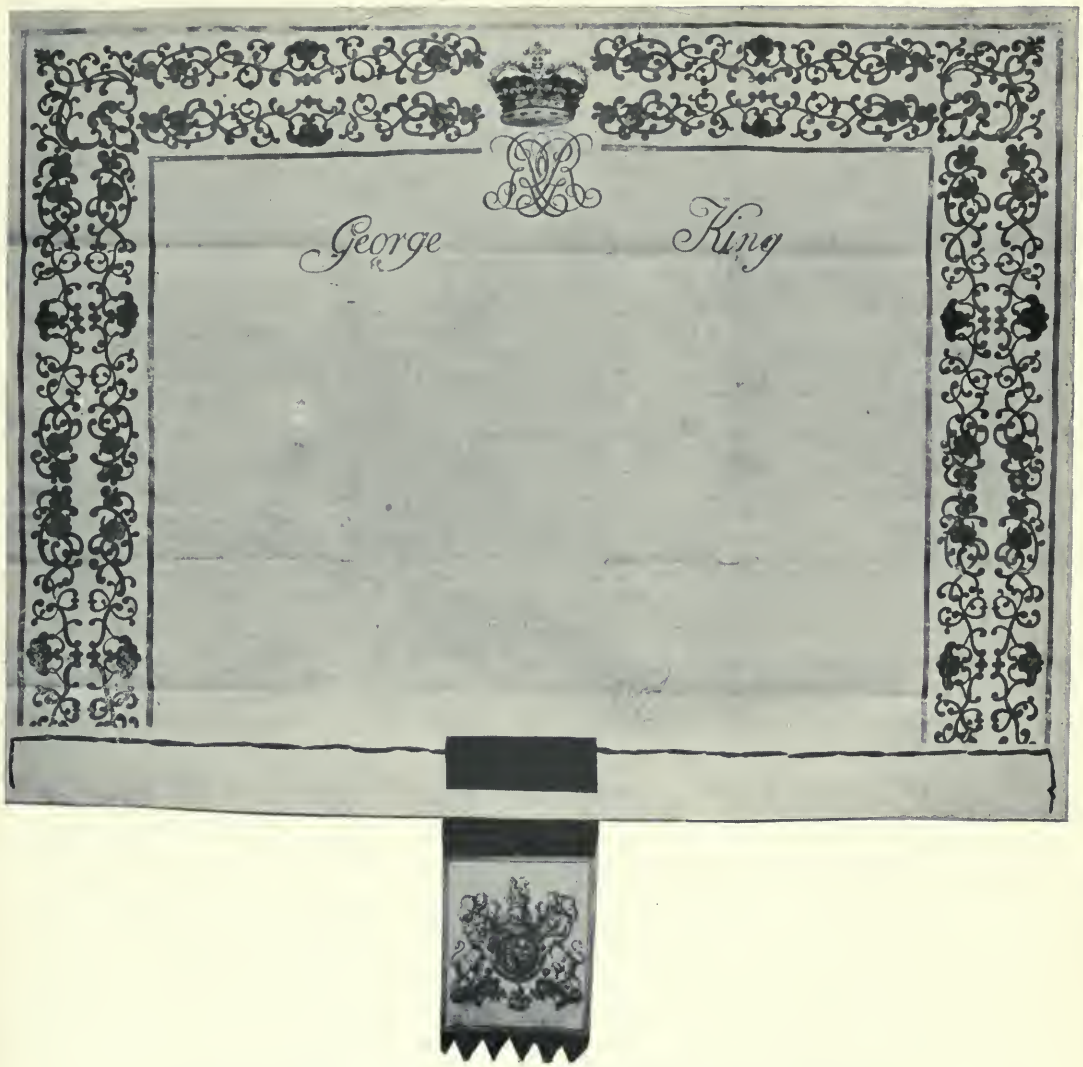
Today this bit of vellum, so interesting for the train of circumstances that followed it, reposes side by side, here in Boston, with a rare copy of the Calcutta Review of March, 1858, Ouseley's Persian Literature, FitzGerald's 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Editions, Vedder's de luxe drawings, Hay's address, Edward Heron Allen's book containing a facsimile of the Bodleian Manuscript, a rare copy of the Calcutta Manuscript of Prof. Cowell's and, in addition, hundreds of less important editions.

Illustrations of the Commission and its full text will be found within.

THE SUPERSCRIPTION ON THE OUSELEY COMMISSION.
To My Good Cousin Abbas Mirza, The Prince Royal of Persia.

Text of Commission from King George III to Sir Gore Ouseley as Ambassador to Persia, 1810.

Sir, My Cousin. I have received Your Royal Highness's kind Letter from Tabriz on the subject of Captain Paisley's arrival at Abushhest, and the possible injury both States might sustain from the supercession of Sir Harford Jones by an Envoy from the Governor General of India. I derive great satisfaction from this demonstration of Your Royal Highness's Friendship and Regard for My Welfare.—Mirza Abul Hassan has no doubt long since informed Your Royal Highness how truly I lament the unfortunate circumstances which have occurred with respect to Our Royal Mission to the Court of Taehran. These Events have originated in error and misapprehension: I have employed every effort to prevent the recurrence of such Misfortunes. Accordingly I have appointed an Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary directly from Myself to the King of Persia. My Ambassador will be responsible to this Government for his conduct and altho' directed to co-operate with the Executive Government of India so far as His own Judgment and His instructions from My Ministers will warrant he will not however be in any manner under the control of the Indian Government.—I




Commission of Sir Gore Ouseley as Ambassador from Great Britain to Persia, 1810.

have selected for the situation of Ambassador at the Court of Taehran My Trusty and well beloved Sir Gore Ouseley, Baronet, a Gentleman whose Knowledge of your Language, Customs and Manners peculiarly qualify Him for that appointment and whose Conduct and Character entitle Him to general respect and consideration.—Having the fullest confidence in My Ambassador's Judgement and Discretion, I trust that the first Intelligence I shall have the pleasure of receiving from Your Royal Highness after the arrival of My Ambassador at Persia, will apprise Me of the renewal of that Harmony which I hope will subsist for Ever between the States of Persia and Great Britain.—I pray God to take Your Royal Highness into His best Care and Protection. I am with every Sentiment of Affection and Esteem,

Sir, My Cousin
Your Good Cousin
George R.

At My Royal Castle
at Windsor 11th July 1810

CHARLES DANA BURRAGE.
Secretary and Treasurer.

# THE MESSAGE OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

By Charles Dana Burrage

Read at the session of April 1, 1911

When on an autumn afternoon, some thirty years ago, lying in luxurious ease on a California hillside, sheltered by a live oak from the heat of the Occidental sun swinging low above the Golden Gate, I first heard read aloud selections from the second edition of Fitz-Gerald's Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, that a college mate had just brought from London, on his return from his summer vacation, it seemed to me a vista of entrancing beauties opened in a hitherto unknown paradise of Oriental literature.

On only two other occasions in my life have I felt such thrills of intellectual pleasure as then. Once was when Canon Charles Kingsley talked to us college boys of California, he uncouth and awkward, but the words of "English undefiled," of pure Anglo-Saxon origin, that he selected for our benefit, not one being

of Latin or other foreign derivation, so charmed and delighted us that we forgot everything but the exquisite pleasure in the music of his language.

The other time to which I refer is a similar address on English Literature given by Prof. Edward Rowland Sill, which was also all in words of Anglo-Saxon origin, and the delicate harmonies of that divine message still linger in my soul.

On that day I gave my life's devotion unreservedly to Omar and FitzGerald, and from that time to this have daily placed fresh flowers of tribute on their altar in my heart.

Years afterward I met and learned to esteem, and regard, with more than ordinary affection, the members of this little Club who meet once each year to drink a toast to Edward FitzGerald.

Today we unite again in our loving, grateful ceremony, in memory of one who made this old world better by the creation of new beauties,

"One who touched his harp, unseen."

Michael Kerney.

We have all heard criticisms, born of ill-nature and ignorance, of Omar as an infidel—the exponent of a philosophy founded on selfishness; on supreme regard for the pleasures of the body in love and wine; on contempt for the denial of a hereafter beyond this life; of exaltation for the mass at the expense of the individual. As one of these has said lately: "It cannot be denied that the poem is a great work of art, but it is perhaps the most evil work of art that the world has ever seen."

As the great sober sense of the world has ever said: "Evil to him who evil thinks." As, to the libertine, every woman has in his mind some moment of supreme weakness; to the politician, every man his price, so this kind of verdict has many times been rendered as to the Bible, distorting and misreading the record of man's own depravity to justify the condemnation. We who know and love Omar and his soul-interpreter, FitzGerald, know that no one can read the quatrains and extract evil from them; rather that they recur to the lips involuntarily in time of great

tribulation, even as the glorious resounding periods of the English version of the Scriptures came to the strong men of the olden times in the stress of dreadful persecution.

One valued friend has inscribed upon the memorial to a beloved wife, untimely separated from the enjoyment of life's greatest blessings, these lines from his own translation.

"Though creeds some two and seventy there be,
The best of creeds, I hold, is love of thee." *

What purer and more tender tribute could ever lie in the heart of man or break forth from him sorrowing and mourning?

What more appealing cry to the savage, unconquered, defiant soul of man, the mortal image of the Almighty, than the following quatrain, a brave utterance, breathing the essence of life's long and courageous endurance?

"So when the Angel of the darker Drink,
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink."

*Eben Francis Thompson in his Complete Translation of all the Quatrains attributed to Omar Khayyám.

First Edition 1859. Grolier Club 1885. Quilter 1883. Third 1872.
Autograph Letter, Edward FitzGerald. Second 1868. Columbus 1870,-First American. Fourth 1879.
Miniature, Smallest Printed Book in the World.

And when the passing years bring vacant places to our board and such great, genial, loving and loved souls as Hudson and Macy and Goulding pass away from us to solve the mystery that lies beyond the veil of the Infinite, do we not breathe again and again in their memory

"For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest."

Because we, too, like Omar, dare to ask of the unreplying Sphinx questions of eternity that every man sometimes in his life puts to his own soul in trembling doubt, we are not infidels. And as we in the hour of sleepless night, in the shadow of impending doom, secretly put the question

"What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence?"

that Omar, calmly and serenely meditating by his rose bushes in the desert, openly asked of the stars above him so long ago, do we not feel his kinship with all mankind; the seer who read the secrets of the heavens;

the prophet who voiced the agonized questionings of the centuries; the poet who put into words of liquid and enthralling music the heartbeats of men when they loved and dreamed and suffered.

Now, after these many years we renew with a deeper, stronger, greater love, the vows we made when we were young, to keep green among the sons of men, in so far as it might be permitted us, the memories of Omar, the wise teacher; of FitzGerald, who understood.

Not alone because of the beauties of the quatrains in their English dress do we love them, though in their limpid clearness they are like radiant jewels of great price, and though

> "Vedder's thoughtful Muse has graced the verse
> With added jewels from the Artist's Mine,"

not alone because they speak great truths, though in their simplest form they often express whole systems of philosophies condensed into a single sentence, and one line may be an unwritten book; nor yet alone because "these pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were

bred" and are of the East and strange and therefore new, although in every word they bring vividly before us the burning sands of the desert that at night are so near to the stars of heaven, that free and untrammeled life so close to nature and to Nature's God. Nor is our love because it is a "cult" to read them, a fad, a matter of the passing hour, a fashion to change as the North Wind veers to the South, even though it has lasted forty years; nor again is it because of a matter of editions collected from the ends of the earth in all languages and numberless, though it is true that this poem of Omar has passed into more editions, in more of the tongues of men, and that more copies have issued from the printing press and been sold for a price, than of any other book, save only the Bible, recorded in the annals of history. Nor, further, is it because Omar was a great scientist and profound student of mathematics as well as poet, though many declare him the greatest of astronomers, as he devised a calendar so accurate that it required but one day's correction in three thousand years, more accurate than

Twentieth Anniversary
OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB
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the one we are using today; and in addition be it remembered, that it was Omar who first reduced to an exact and written science the principles of Algebra, thus for all time establishing his claim as among the greatest of mathematicians. Nor again is it alone because FitzGerald by his transcendent genius translated so well and so beautifully, into a new language, the poem of one who had lived in other times under an alien sky, though it is undoubtedly the most marvelous translation ever made, as it speaks the very thoughts of the ancient poet, in English form and idiom, a wonderful thing to be done even by one who wrote in Euphranor the best description of a boat race in literature, and in his Agamemnon reached heights of classic triumph beyond the great world's realization even to this later day.

Not for any of these reasons alone do we love these wonderful quatrains but for all, and in addition to all these, because Omar breathes the very essence of human life and its daily ever recurrent problems,

"Each thought a ruby in a ring of gold."

because he asks of the stars he loved the eternal questions man has vainly asked, since from the dark recesses of his primeval cave he looked fearfully out into the unknown night; he was the

> "Tender interpreter, most sadly wise
> Of earth's dumb, inarticulated cries."

Without preaching religion Omar expresses sublimely and in such clear-cut and vibrant phrases that the ears of men cannot mistake, the protest against hide-bound, obsolete, and narrow creeds, and all undue restraint on thought and conscience, that has ever stirred mankind to those great revolutions that alone have advanced civilization and the cause of ultimate truth; he preaches always courage, hope, contentment, self-reliance, to make the most of the present in, through, and by LOVE, the great and abiding love of home, of country, of God, that represents today the highest type of civilization, the ultimate goal of the perfect man.

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FROM AN ANCIENT PERSIAN PAINTING, MENU 1920.

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The Rosemary Press Edition.

1921.

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